

CORRAL OF ANGELS

The throng sparkles and shifts,
white robes and yellowed wings,
heavy webbing jostling.
The chute is swung back
and one stumbles into the rodeo:
a paradise of dust.

Tobacco is chewed like muscle.
The stands go haywire.
This one still has its sword,
freezing the light like
a leaking halo.

Buck Primrose mounts
the back and hoots and spits
and rides for all we're worth
bouncing between the heavy wings.

The Angel is a big mother,
trampling, champing, layering
the air with its blade.
But by God, it's being ridden
breathless by Big Buck.

The damned thing's so worn
out, one wing won't fold down.

Buck gets a 26 for staying on,
a 7 for grace.
The bigger angels huddle at the back.
Their time is almost up.

FACTS ON FILE, JULY 4, 1947

The day they deactivated Shangri-La
I was born.
My father was selling beer at the fair,
and flying flapjacks were sighted
in Idaho.

I've looked it all up cold
in the Library.
Also, Morris Levin died
a blind baseball fan and authority.
And the British commuted death
to life in prison for 3 German generals.
And Eisenhower warned.

All of this is known and filed by date
"to present the truth no matter whom it hurts"
It can't hurt me it happened so long ago.
In North Dakota a tornado took eleven.
Boston was a game out of first.

These articles are to "tie together the host
of inter-related events
and to show the trends."
My mother cried out at 3:37.
Trading in sugar futures was resumed.

SIC

yes, what's come before
is intentional/though I
regret the slips into
mongoloid manners
the dull Zulu jokes
the drunken references
to dildoes in public
places/I am deeply ashamed
of the non-sequiturs in
serious conversations/the
eating of raw onions at
the poorest times/all of
these are regrettable
but as purposeful as the flight
of the peregrine hawk slamming
into its prey/flipping onto
its back at 110 and digging
the talons in/ all the bad
analogies/the yanking of your
male lover's cat's tail
my pedantry/the litany even
is boring/but sic/it's supposed
to be that way/I have left
it exactly as it bubbled out
unedited/but sic/ pointed out
apologized for/even the apologies
(italics mine)

-- Jim Hall

Miami FL